

14
The Pharisee's Council.

A
S E R M O N

Preach'd before Their
M A J E S T I E S

In Their Chappel at
W H I T E H A L L,
The *Friday* after *Passion-Sunday*
April the 6th, 1688.

By *J. D.* of the Society of *J E S U S.*

Permissu Superiorum.

L O N D O N,

Printed by *Mary Thompson* for the Author, and are
to be Sold at the Entrance into *Old-Spring-Gar-*
den near *Charing-Cross*, Anno Domini 1688.

The Trustees of the Council

OF THE

AMERICAN



W H C

1918

1919

1920

1921

1922

1923

1924

1925

1926

1927

1928

TO THE
READER.

READER,

F*riendship and Command, tho'
of a different Nature; as
to my Self, I have found
equally Oblidging. Obe-
dience made me Preach, and Com-
plyance with Friends makes me Print;
What, if it be Serviceable to the Good
of any, hath its full Requital, this my
last Sermon. Preachers are a sort
of Evangelical Merchants; and
need to have Merchants Ears, to
hear Patiently their Ware oftner
Disprais'd than Commended: But
neither Commendation nor Censure
alters its Worth; and a Preacher,*
A 2 *ought*

TO THE READER.

ought not to Ambition the First, nor Dread the Second: Duty alone is to be his Aim; It has been mine, and not to miss of it, I have constantly followed (as close as I could) the Gospels, Chance and the Day presented me. Allusions at any, I had no more than the Gospels I Expounded. In proof peruse this Sermon, the rest are at thy Call: It's private Guilt creates Allusion oftner than the Preacher. So much I thought expedient to let thee know; Wishing all Happiness Temporal and Eternal may attend Thee.

J. D.

A

(1)

A
S E R M O N

Preach'd before Their
M A J E S T I E S

On *Friday* after *Passion-Sunday*
April the 6th. 1688.

Job. XI. ver. 47.

Quid facimus ? *What do We ?*

TO the Doleful Tragedy, of the
Passion and Death of Jesus
Christ, to be exhibited next *Fri-*
day, in its full Horror to the
World: By way of Prelude,
Sacred Majesty, I present this Morning a Gom-
bat, between *Hatred* and *Love*; *Hatred* in slaves
to

to Sin, Love in a kind Redeemer: Love the most Divine, *Hated* the most Unhumane: *Hated* contriving how to Execute; and Love resolving to undergo, whatever a Barbarous Jewish Cruelty could inflict. No sooner were the *Pharisees* acquainted with the Prodigious Miracle of raising *Lazarus* from Death to Life, but the Spirit of Envy, with more than accustomed Insolency, arises in them. And therefore *Colligerunt ergo Pontifices & Pharisei Concilium*. No delay, a Council in all haste is gathered, the chiefest of *Priests* and *Pharisees* meet, being met they said, *Dicebant*: I remark the Plural number; *they said*, as implying an eagerness of many speaking at once, a rudeness unknown in well ordered Meetings. One at time is ever enough: But *Passion* over-rul'd that Assembly, excessive Violence equal in all, made all equally break forth into the same Reviling resentment, against themselves and each other, as too remiss and cold in Prosecuting Christ to Death. *Quid facimus?* say they, *What do we?* *Quia hic Homo multa Signa facit*, For this Man doth many Miracles, To do Miracles, to act great Things, to appear above others, is to become the mark of many an Envyous Eye, Heart and Tongue. *What do we, for this Man doth many*
Miracles

Miracles ? Never did I hear a clearer Confession
 of Envy, joyn'd with more perversity, and less
 Thought of Amendment ; *Because he doth*
many Miracles ? Is this the Touch which gives
 Fire to your Engagements ? And *because this Man*
doth Miracles, I'll be so bold as to retort, and
 enquire, *What do you* ? More ; What have you not
 done ? More yet ; What are you not still doing,
 To compleat your spiteful Intentions ? *He*
doth Miracles, Evidences of his Divinity. *What*
do you ? Where's the Tribute of Faith ? Where
 the humble submission due to his Commands
 and Doctrine Authoriz'd by Heaven ? *He*
doth Miracles, all effects of Generosity, all
 in benefit of his People : What have you not
 done to blast his good Name ? To dis-
 guise his Vertues with your Impostures ? With
 foul Aspersions to render his People averse to
 Him, and Him odious to his People ? *He doth*
Miracles, restores *Lazarus* from Death to Life ;
 desirous to revive a World dead of Sin. And
 what are you still doing ? To what end is a
 Council called ? Even now are you not work-
 ing his Destruction ? *Quid facimus ? What do we* ?
 Will you know, O *Pharisees* ? Your Envy and
 Hatred act the Furies ; your Policy against
 God and Religion will return heavy upon your
 selves ;

selves ; Charity in *Christ* works Miracles of Love, Glorious in its Sufferings, Gainer in its Lossings, and even in Death it self Victorious. The transaction of your present Council , in which wicked Policy takes up the Chair, Hatred, Prosecutes, Divine Love decides ; shall be the subject of my Discourse , with a Return to our selves , *Quid facimus ? What do we ?* O Christians , *What do we ?* But let us first Implore the Divine Assistance with our usual Address. *Ave Maria*.

Quid facimus ? What do we ?

IT ought not to create wonder, nor yet be Interpreted Affectation, much less Reflection upon any particular, if I often fall with some severity upon the *Pharisees*, setting forth their Envy, discovering their Hypocrisy, and detesting their Malice. In the *Gospels* the whole year through, nothing more frequently occurs. Christ tho' mercy, tho' meekness it self, them he never spar'd; and why should I ? I am sure they never spar'd Christ nor his Disciples , hard hearted to sinners , though Penitent , Cruel to their Redeemer. Yet never did their Violence of Passion , their Weakness of Judgment, their

their confusion in Council, more show it self than in the present *Gospel*.

To trace their Malignity from its very Origin; discoursing it with my self, I conclude, Jealousy was the ground, in which Envy took its first Root; from Envy, as a connatural Fruit, Hatred sprung. Detestable Jealousy! How dismal are thy Products? Fears, Suspicions, Fretting Thoughts, dividing Resolutions, Detractions, Slanders; are the true off spring of so unhappy a Parent: But this Jealousy you may enquire, so destructive to Christian Charity, so Pernicious to humane Society, in what doth it consist? My answer is, Passions are easier known by feeling than defining. However, being to Discourse: Jealousy, I conceive is a mixt of Fear and Love; Love of what's possess'd or desir'd, fear of disappointment or losing it. Thus with proportion to our Capacity, God himself *Exod* 20. 5. c. 34. 14. is Named, *Deus Zelotes*, Jealous of his own Honour, and our Love; Happy for us, were we truly Jealous of his, preferring it before all, a sinful World can afford; but the Jealousy of the High *Priests* and *Pharisees*, was not of that Nature; it was as opposite, as Earth is to Heaven: They had the whole management of Religion amongst the

B

Jews,

Jews, and as Religion sway'd, the People they sway'd Religion, even with Novelty and Corruptions, though covered with much Preciseness, as frequent washings and the like, see *Mat. 15. v. 3. Mark 7. 6.* Swaying Religion, by consequence, they sway'd the People. The possession of this Domineering Power, was sweet, to part with it bitter; in the Love of this sweet, and Abhorrency of the bitter; consisted their Jealousy, which mov'd them to cultivate, all possible means, of preserving what to them was so Dear, and to remove out of their way, whatever might endanger it's loss. They knew, and the Substance of their Religion was to believe, a *Messiah* was to come; that the Law of *Moses* was but a Figure, a Fore-runner, a Harbinger, to the Law *Christ* was to settle; that to him they were to bend and submit, that he'd no more bear with their Abuses in Religion, and imposing upon the Multitude: That their *Sanedrym*, or Senate, from him were to receive their Rules; these considerations gall'd their ambitious Minds. All this is imported and contain'd in that *Ergo, Collegerunt Ergo, &c.* Therefore they gather'd a Council, *Ergo*, Therefore though by Religious Profession engag'd to divulge the coming, and promote the acknowledgement of the *Messiah*.

fiab. They hated the very Thought of him.
Ergo, Therefore they renounce their Duty.
Ergo, Therefore they resolve to be his Sworn
Opposers. *Ergo.* Therefore this morning they
enter into an open Conspiracy against Him.
Ergo, Therefore they unanimously fly out into a
desperate, *Quid facimus ? What do we ?*

Such was the first Spring of the *Pharisees*
aversion to Christ, by which those dreadful con-
sequences were drawn on, the ruine of their
Temple, the destruction of their City, the de-
solation of their Country, and the dispersion of
their Posterity. Jealousy of Riches, Jealousy
of Liberty, Jealousy of Dominion, Jealousy of
Errour against Truth, Vice against Virtue:
Jealousy of *Pharisees* against Christ. Doth he
Preach? He's a *Samaritan*, and *Heretick*, a *Mad-*
man to be Silenc'd. Doth he work *Miracles*? He's
an Impostor. Doth he cast out Devils? It is in
the Name of *Belzebub*. Doth he raise the Dead?
He must Die for it. *Pharisees* will hear no
Truth, no *Christ* will they have; they have
Idols of their own, Wealth and Honour to
Adore.

I wish like Jealousy, had never been too rife
in the Hearts of some, shall I call them *Christians*?
If entertaining Envy and Hatred, against Right,

Justice, Merit, and Religion, they have more of the *Pharisee* than the *Christian*. The Law of Christ is a Law of Mutual Union and Love; teaching us to Joy in each others Felicity, teaching to enquire after *Truth*, but not to suppress it; exhorting to bear patiently Persecution and Slander, but not to be Contumelious and persecute. By opposite Proceedings, *Christians* turn *Pharisees*, a Name which in *Hebrew* signifies division; and the infringers of Union, What are they but dividers and devided, Foes to the common good, destroyers of what may tend to a perfect conjunction, of People amongst themselves, and with God? Nothing less would serve the *Pharisees* than *Blood, Blood*; they Thirsted *Blood*, and that of the Innocent Lamb of God, and that the *Blood* of the *Messiah*, *Quid facimus?* What do we? They exclaim, *Quia hic homo multa Signa fecit*, For this Man doth many Signs: His Sanctity confounds us, his Wisdom convinces, his Miracles confirm, both what he is, and what he does; if we let him live, we do nothing; and yet he not only lives, but lives to give Life to the Deceased; he lives to be our Scorn, and the Peoples Darling; And what do we? *Quid facimus?* Thus Jealousy, Envy, and Hatred swell'd their Hearts, and pleaded in their Minds: Ignorance
of

of *Christ* and *Truth* had no part in making them *Passionate*; *Passion* alone made them wilfully ignorant, and refusing their Allegiance to him they knew: For a proof, vouchsafe to turn to the 2d. Chapter of *St. Matthew*.

The increated Son of God, to the amazement of the *Heavens*; the Angels being in silent astonishment, in a *Porch* or *Stable* of *Bethlem*, appearing an *Infant* upon *Eearth*, *Heaven* is deliver'd of a new *Star*, expos'd to the *Worlds* admiring, and inviting all to go and *Worship* the new born God. The drowzy *World* doz'd in the bosome of sin; seldom lifting its *Eyes* to *Heaven*; either saw it no; or did, or would not heed it; only three *Kings*, or wise *Men*, or rather both *Kings* and *Wise*, accept of the *Invitation*; and with a numerous *Train* from the *East*, they arrive in *Jerusalem*, demanding aloud, and enquiring, *Ubi est qui natus est Rex Judæorum? Where is he that is born King of Jews?* So that the *Messiah* is born, O *Pharisees*! Take notice of what they say. *Natus est, He is born*; and that he's born a new *Star* appears to give in evidence and points him out; and these *Sages* after so long and tedious a *Voyage*, declare they'r come for no other end than to *Adore* him. All *Glory* be to *Bethlem*, no more
the

the least of the Cities of *Juda* : To *Sion* all Joy, all Happiness may attend *Jerusalem*. The Covenanted and Promis'd *Messiah* ; the Father of the World to come, *Pater futuri seculi*, *Isa.* 9. 6. *Parvulus natus est nobis*, In this World to us is born an Infant, *Princeps pacis*, The Prince of Peace, is come to take up all quarrels between God and Man : *Consolamini*, *Consolamini Popule meus* ; Be Comforted, be Comforted my People, says your God ; By the same Prophet, c. 40. 1. *Cheer up, O house of Israel* ? But alas ! alas ! Thy words O *Isaiah* are cast away, and so are mine ; No tokens of Content, no demonstration of Joy to be seen in *Jerusalem* ; Melancholly possesses all, and the cause of such a Sullyness in occasion of so great Mirth, who can declare it ? Will you give me leave to venture, to guess, and spend my Thought ?

Jerusalem is prepossess'd with Jealousy ; and therefore *Turbatus est* Herodes, Herod was troubled ; And what makes that to the purpose ? Nothing. But that's not all, what follows does ; And what is that ? *Et universa* *Jerusolyma cum illo*, And all *Jerusalem* was troubled too : That Herod an Alien, an *Idumean*, no true Heir to the Crown he wore, to the Scepter he sway'd, a *Plebeian*, unworthy of the Royal Dignity, at the Name

Name of a new born King, should be Alarum'd, and Concern'd, startles me not : But that *Sion*, that *Jerusalem*, the *Holy City*, the *City of God*, at such Blessed Tydings, of the so long desired, and expected *Messiah's* arrival , in place of rejoycing, should be froward and pensive, astonishes me.

Some attribute the Trouble of that *City* to Flattery, an Attendant on *Herod's* Greatness : But I cannot subscribe to this their Opinion ; and I hope my refusal will give no just Exceptions, or Offence, to those who weigh my Motives. I first reflect, That *Flattery*, tho' a less evil than none *Compliance*, and *Stubborness*, is not so incident to whole Cities ; yet I relye not upon this. I pass further, and consider, how the Trouble of *Herod* and *Jerusalem* is express'd by one and the same word, *Turbatus est* ; *Herod and all Jerusalem was troubled* : So that as the trouble in *Herod* undoubtedly was unfeign'd ; from the Word or Letter, we have no Reason to judge, that of *Jerusalem* was Affectation, or *Flattery*. And the *Author* of the imperfect Work, held by some to be *St. Chrysostome*, *Hom. 2. Tom. 2.* Alleging the cause of that Disturbance, encourages my Opinion, *Turbabantur*, says he, *quia de adventu Justi non poterant gaudere iniqui*, They were

were troubled, by reason unjust Men could not be glad at the coming of the just. It was not Ignorance, Malice it was, that seiz'd them with a surprizing Anxiety. They were conversant in the Prediction of Balaam, Numb. 24. 17. *Orietur Stella ex Jacob, Out of Jacob a Star shall rise.* They could not but be inform'd, how the *Hebdomads*, or Weeks, foretold by Daniel, c. 9. 10. The time v. 26. When *Christ should be slain*, and by Consequence born, were now expiring, and drawing to an end. Nor did they question Christ's being come, but supposing it, the enquiry made to the *Scribes* summon'd in Council, was not, *Whether Christ was born?* But, *Ubi Christus nasceretur? Where he was to be born?* To which they readily answered, *In Bethalem of Juda.* So that it manifestly is made out, it was not want of Knowledge, which occasion'd the Alteration in the Minds of the *Jews*: It was Jealousy, it was abundance of Malice in their Ring-leaders the *Pharisees*, which impress'd them against their Duty; and so the Name of *Messiah* most grateful to their Ancestors, to the *Prophets* most acceptable; the Beloved Object of their Religion, now prov'd Frightful unto them; and the greatest Mystery of Divine Love, *Of God made Man*; was receiv'd with the greatest neglect and contempt.

tempt. And why? *Quia de adventu, &c.* Because Unjust Men could not be glad at the coming of the Just.

And who were these Unjust? Let St. Matt. c. 5. v. 20. tell us. The Pharisees; Who the Slaves to Avarice? Luk. 16. v. 14. Who the deriders of Christ? The Pharisees. Who the Hypocrites? Mat. 16. v. 23. The Pharisees. Who the Proud? Luk. 18. v. 9. The Pharisees. Who wilfully Blind and Leaders of the Blind? Mat. 23. The Pharisees. Peruse that Chapter, from the 13th verse to the end, containing no less than eight Woes, as it were opposite in number, to the eight Beatitudes, denounc'd against them. They coul tell, where Christ was Born: But did they move? They could Name the place, but did they stir a foot to make towards it? No, no; 'tis no rash Judgment to think they were a hindrance to the People for paying their Homage to their Redeemer: They were troubled as well as Herod, Jealousy was equal in both; they discovered the Place of Christ's Birth, to expose him to Herod's Cruelty. *De adventu Justinon, &c.* Injustice could never be glad at the appearance of Justice, Errour of Truth, Impiety of Religion. For God to become Infant, what more Endearing? Than the Person of Christ,

what more Amiable ? The very *Gentils*, when discomfited, at his Divine Aspect to their afflictions, found ease. And yet the *Pharisees*, new Born, despis'd him ; they Persecuted him living ; he Dying, they Sported in his Torment ; when he Triumph'd over Death, their Invincible Envy still persud'd him. And was ever Hatred seen more Tragically Furious ? I pass in Silence, the different Arts made use of, to cover and drive on the great Design of *Christ's* Death, and Extirpation of his Doctrine. The *Gospels* are fill'd with their Calumnies, their Reproaches, their suttile Enquiries, to circumvent him ; all Transports, all Stratagems of Envy and Hatred, too well known to be repeated here. But what success ? What success of this their impious Policy ?

Tho' the Territories of *Bethelam*, in the Blood of so many Infants, Blush'd at *Herod's* Barbarity ; did not *Christ* survive him, to the confusion of his Enemies, to the propagating his *Evangelical Law* ; the *Pharisees* bursting for Envy ? Such was the issue of the first Council call'd by *Herod*, to destroy our Saviour in his Cradle : The Machinations of the *Pharisees* during his Life took no better effect ; and the Council held by *Caiphas* this Morning, upon the

the same Principals, you'l find punish'd with success, to them as fatal ; as to Christ glorious, and to his Church advantageous. *Gens absque Concilio*, Deut. 32. v. 28. Ah Nation ! without Council, thou ever prov'st Unfortunate, because contentious with the Almighty. But of this their Envious Policy, their Council, without Council. More in my second Part.

In the mean time, *Dear Christians*, let me take the liberty to exhort all, to Seriously enter into their own Consciences, for fear this *Pharisaical Spirit*, of Jealousy and Envy may lurk in the Heart of some of us, to the disquieting our selves, and the no little disturbance of others. Do we repine at our Neighbours prosperity ? Do we seek to be glorious in their infamy ? Happy in their Misery ? Do we strive to build upon their ruine ? Are we undermining ? Are we persecuting each other ? If so, We are *Pharisees* ; *Pharisees* we are in deeds, whatever our Profession be in Name : The zeal, which each one has for the Religion he is in, ought ever to temper'd with Charity. Let our Enquiries be Sincere, and Impartial, but Peaceable. The Oracle of the great *Gamaliel*, *Acts* the 5. v. 38. and 39. Let it highly be Printed in our Minds : If our Religion be the Invention, or

work of Man, of it self it will be dissolv'd, and dwindle away: Of hundreds of *Heresies*, no more remains than the Name, than a remembrance they were; *Truth* alone out lives all Oppositions: But if our *Religion* be of God, to gainsay it, is vain, no striving against it, no Power able to dissolve it. Jealousies then, let them eternally be exil'd; let Envy be kept out of the Heart of a true Christian; so vile a Passion scarce dares Assault a generous Mind, seldom masters it: But once entred, what Tragedies doth it not perform? Be thou my only Witness; to omit innumerable Presidents, the Flower of Youth and Virtue, thy Fathers Comfort and Love, O *Joseph*! Of whom without Tenderness I never think.

A Dream with fraternal freedom and candor recounted to his Brothers, had cost him his Life, had not Heaven stood his Friend. The Comeliness of his Person, Respect to his Parents, his Gentle Behaviour, his Sagacity of Council; his Providence, his Loyalty to his Master, the Spirit of interpreting Mysteries, and foretelling future Events; rais'd him to that pitch, his Brethren envy'd when Prophecy'd in a Dream: *Hear my Dream*, says the Innocent, *Audite Somnium meum* *ira*, Gen, 37. v. 6. Peace, Peace, O *Joseph*!

As.

As thou tenderest thy Life and Welfare be Silent : *Who no harm Thinks, no harm Fears* : The open hearted Incautious Youth goes on : *Hear my Dream, I thought we bound Sheafs in the Field, and my Sheaf arose as it were, and stood, and your Sheafs standing about, did Adore my Sheaf.* Not to be tedious in a Passage so well known ; This occasion of his words, and Dream, says the Text, *Invidia & odii fomitem ministravit.* So ketchiug is Envy, even at a Shadow, a Dream, a word drop'd. But be contented to remember, O Children of *Jacob* ! *Joseph's* your Brother, his tender years plead his excuse ; his Tears ought to quench your Anger ; what he says is but a Dream, and grant the Dream prove true, is it not the Interest of your Family that he be rais'd ? He has a Brotherly tye to you, you'll be great in his Greatness ; if his *Sheaf* stand above, yet your *Sheaves* will stand about it. In the course of Worldly and Moral Prudence, to any Man of Sense, what more agreeable ? Strong Perswasives ; had not the apprehension, of a younger Brother's over-topping them, nourish'd Jealousy ; Jealousy bred Envy, Envy produc'd Hatred ; Hatred it was, which cast him into a Cisterne, furnishing it with two Fountains
flowing

flowing from his Eyes: Hatred it was which Sold him to the *Midianites*. No Bond so Stroug, no tye so Sacred, which by *jealousy* and *Envy* is not Violated; even in Brothers, to a Brother, it admits of no Mercy. But to detain you no longer in a Dream, I'll draw the Courtine. As the Dream was a Picture of *Joseph's* future Prosperity, so *Joseph* was a Figure of Christ, his Brothers were the *Jews*: *Joseph* by Envy and Hatred, was thrown into a Cistern, Christ into Sepulchre; the one and the other rose to Glory.

It is the fate of the best of Things to be env'y'd, and often hated, a Sin as unnatural, as it's natural to esteem and love what's good; a Sin which spares none, it spar'd not Christ; but in the *Pharisees* Council dares act against him, pretends to guide Policy, and Policy when guided by Passion, is but a blind *Fury*. Be it then for ever banish'd from our hearts; let a *Christian* moderation possess our Minds: The true way to be Happy, is to Joy in each others Happines. *Tolle invidiam*, says the great *St. Austine* upon *St. John*, *Et tuum est quod habeo, tollam invidiam, & meum est quod habes*, Take away Envy, and what I have is thine; I'll take away Envy, and what thou hast is mine. And I come to my second Part more immediatly, reflecting upon their Council. Col.

Collegerunt ergo Pontifices & Pharisei Concilium,
The Chief Priests therefore, and the Pharisees,
gather'd a Council, Et dicebant, and they said,
Quid facimus? What do we?

ENtring into the Council of *Priests* and *Pharisees*, far be it from me to intermeddle, with State Maximes, almost as variable, as *Climats*, *Nations*, and *Families*: It were a folly for me to pose my self with *Politique Intrigues*, much more to condemn so Noble a Quality as *Policy* is, when rightly manag'd: I shall say no more than what the *Gospel* inforces upon me. No Council without *Policy*; and well for this *Pharisaical Council* had it had any. *Policy* is a *Virtue*; and this Council was destitute of all Goodness. *Craft* is no *Policy*, *double Dealing* is no *Policy*; much less *Treachery* and *Cruelty*, though by the Ignorant such Vices are often Honoured with the Name of that *Virtue*: *Policy* is a main branch of *Prudence*, consisting in the Art of governing Men, proper to Man, and placing him in a Sphere above all other Creatures, *Insensitive*, and *Sensitive*. These by immediate Instinct are govern'd by
 God;

God : By a Natural impulse, the *Bee* is taught to frame its *Honey-Comb*, the *Spider* to weave its *Suares* ; the *Emitt* to *Ant* to store its *Magazines*, I forbear a longer Excursion. To Man alone God has left, as to Vice and Virtue the Government of himself ; giving him for Rules, *Reason* and *Religion*, with his Divine Grace assisting him ; proposing Rewards to well doing, threatening Punishments to evil, and substituting Vicars upon Earth, to Remunerate or Chastise the good or bad Use, Man makes of his *Liberty*, as far as it comes within their Verge, and relates to the publick. Upon these grounds, if *Policy* does not build, it degenerates, if it deviates from Reason, it's *Nonsense*, if from Religion, 'tis *Impiety* ; if it swerves from Justice, it's *Iniquity*, and it's success in the end, will be answerable with Misery and Calamity.

For an Example, I need no more than return to the *Priests* and *Pharisees* Assembling together, and coming in full Mouth'd with a *Quid facimus ? What do we ?* Gentle Sirs, you are the standing Councillors in Religious Affairs : I should be glad to learn your Method to apply it to my self ; for you know each Man, hath a little *Commonwealth* within him ; he often sits at Council with his own Mind, his Appetite Suggests,

(21)
gests, his Knowledge proposes, his Thoughts give in their Opinion, his Judgment Decides : Love, Anger, Fear, and the like alteratives of Reason, (as the Wise have taught me,) are to be kept out ; and if in the Council each single Man holds with himself, such order is to be observ'd, much more in your Council , concerning not the private only, but the publick ; and the publick in a point of the highest Importance. Whereas I meet Suspitions, Fears, Jealousies, Envy, Hatred, coming in, with a *Quid facimus?* *What do we?* Passion alone is admitted, Reason and Religion are debarr'd entrance ; so that in place of taking a Lesson from you, I am forc'd to expostulate your unjust Proceedings.

They begin with a *Quid facimus?* *What do we?* *We?* *we?* number lessens Shame, emboldens Cowardice, and encreases Insolency, and therefore they *We* it, to speak big, and Authorize what they say ; or perhaps, rather that the Guilt may be divided, and fall upon no particular. Ignorant Doctors, not to know that the whole guilt of an Assembly falls upon each particular, when consenting to it. *Quid facimus?* *What do we?* Who is't they consult? *We?* themselves, their private Passion, and Interest, betraying the Peoples Welfare, and Jerusalem's

D

Hap.

Happiness, intrusted with them ; under pretences of publick good, they palliate private designs. Your Attention I beseech you.

Reason, Reason where art thou ? Where's Justice ? Where Religion ? Neither Reason, Justice, nor Piety, is to be seen in this Meeting : The *Messiah* is rejected, what more Impious ? His Death is intended, what more unjust ? *Because he doth Miracles* ; what more against Reason ? What more stupid ? He that has work'd so many Miracles for others, *Grave Speakers* ; can you be so Sottish as to think, he hath not Power to defend himself ? He that gave Life to so many, can he not preserve his own ? Can he not strike you Dead ? Yet still the *Quid facimus* ? goes on, *What do we, for this Man doth many Miracles ?* They disdainfully vouchsafe him not with the Name of *Christ*, *Messiah*, or even *Jesus* ; but contemptibly stile him ; *This Man*, with what studied consequence ? And yet these are the *Wisdom of Israel*. If he be no more than *Man*, you are Men too, do the like *Miracles*, and you'll be in no less esteem ; his doing *Miracles* above the Power of Man, bares Testimony he's Commission'd by God, and therefore a good Witness, of himself being God. What say you now ? They have nothing to say beloved.

loved Brethren, against Reason, but what Passion Dictates : *Si Dimittimus eum, omnes credent in eum, If we let him go, all will believe in him :* They'r terrified at the growth of the true Religion ; *Will all believe ?* His Religion then must be the true, in which though (full of hardships) all will believe him : And with what Justice ? With what colour of Reason, can you pretend to abolish it, and drown it in his Blood ? Something must be alledg'd, be pleas'd to give Ear.

Venient Romani, they answer : *The Romans will come, Et tollent locum nostrum & gentem ; And will take away our place and Nation :* Behold a Panick Fear, such as impious Politicians are wont to strike into the ignorant Rable, to run on their Designs. They might as well have voted a Plot, and laid it to Christ's Charge; they might as well have depos'd that forty thousand invincible Romans were landed upon Mount Sion, each with a Canon upon his Shoulder; their false Witnessess, *Mat. 26. 68.* Would not have fail'd of taking their Bribe, and Sworn to their wishes. *Venient Romani*, Behold Religion made a point of State, But O Repugnancy of Passion ! Are not you the Gentlemen, who even now, apprehending the growth of Christs Religion,

(44)
declar'd all would believe in him, *Omnes credent eum*? If so, let the *Romans* come; if all will believe, both you and they will believe in him too, and joyn in the same interest: By the Law of Christ, they are oblig'd not to injury any, they'l believe in Christ, they'l observe his Law; What greater security can you have? *The Romans will come*? Ah vain pretents? *The Romans will come*? Yes. Yes. Unconcluding Arguments! They'l come to be the Scourge of your Folly, Cruelty, and Sinful attach to this World, without regard to God, or the next; *Temporalia perdere Timuerent, & vitam Eternam non cogitauerunt, & sic utrumq; amiserunt*; says, St. *Austin* upon this place; They pretended to fear loosing what was Temporal, Life Eternal they considered not, but slighted, and so made forfeiture of both.

To draw to an end, let *Caipbas* now speak, he sits in the Chair; He's the *High Priest* of this year, a Dignity, though at that time become venal, enabling him to say something more than the rest. He confidently tells them, *Vos nescitis quicquam, Gentlemen you know nothing.* And why so? Not for the Reasons hitherto alledged, but for a much higher, over-reaching his own Intelligence. And what was it? *Ex-*
pedit

pedit vobis ut unus moriatur homo pro populo. & non tota Gens pereat, It is expedient to you, that one Man die for the People, and the whole Nation perish not. Where the Evangelist with much reflection puts in *v. 51.* Charging us as it were to remember, *Hoc autem semetipso non dixit, He said not this of himself, Sed cum esset Pontifex anni illius Propbetavit, But being High Priest for that year, he Prophecy'd: Quod Jesus erat pro gente Moriturus, &c. That Jesus was to die for the World, &c.*

This decision being pass'd, from that Instant, The contrivance of Christ's Death is taken in hand, he knowing his Time not yet come, tho' near: with his Disciples retires, to the solitary Town of *Ephraim*, seated upon the Desert, as it were to dispose himself for their intended Cruelty, of which, to the Horror of the World, with Tears in your Eyes, Sadness in your Thoughts, you'l hear next week the Bloody Execution. But I am call'd back, to clear a difficulty arising from this narrative, and it is this.

Had not the Jews frequently endeavour'd to Stone Christ and be his Death? How could *Gaiphas* then with Truth, and speaking as a Prophet, say, *you know nothing? Nescit: quicquam neq; cogitates:* Nor do you think, that it

is

is expedient for one to die for the People? Had they not consider'd, had they not thought it expedient, what so often they had attempted?

To the explaining the passage I have recourse to my Text. *Quid facimus? What do we?* In these words, I conceive a suspense of Mind, as in men that would, but could not effect their Desires, and therefore an other Version reads, *What shall we do?* His Wisdom deludes our Craft; his Power baffles our Assaults, he has Miracles in his Hand, *multa signa facit*, Jealousy, Envy, Hatred, Fear and Despair playing their Parts, in the *Assembly*, and with opposite Suggestions tortouring their Minds; Divine Love to put an end, to their wicked debates, Places it self in the Chaire, makes use of the *High Priests* Tongue, silences Vicious Policy, and declares unto them, *Expedit ut unus moriatur homo, &c.* It's expedient, that one Man Die for the Redemption of all Men: It was not Policy which spoke in Caiphas, *Non à semetipso dixit*, He said it not of himself: The wit of Man was at a stand, with a *Quid facimus? What do we?* And therefore deservedly upbraided by Caiphas, with a *nescitis quicquam*, You know nothing, *neque cogitatis*, Your Thoughts are Non plus, The Knowledge of Man could not tell it was expedient

dient that Christ should die for the Redemption of all Mankind, *Malice* could only think it necessary to satisfy Hatred, and compass private ends. It was Divine Love and *Wisdom*, honouring the Office of High-Priest tho' in a sinful Person, which spoke in our behalf, as if Christ himself should have said; what hatred cannot, my Love shall do. Go on, go on, *expedit*, it is expedient. From all Eternity it was decreed in Heaven, that with my Passion and Death I should purchase my Spouse the Church; I readily submit, it is my Fathers Will, being His, it is Mine. *Expedit* it is expedient it should be so. The sins of Men clamour for Revenge, my Blood shall cry out Mercy. *Expedit*, it is expedient, that I obstruct no more your endeavours of my Death. *Expedit*, it is expedient; you'd have me a Sacrifice to your hatred. *Nescitis quicquam*, you know nothing, with your greatest disappointment, to Obedience & Charity I'll fall a Victim, *expedit ut unus moriatur homo*, it is expedient that one Man should die, I am the Man, but your God.

Thus the Resolution of Hatred and false Policy in the *Jews*, met with that of Love and Wisdom in *Christ*, but with how different events? *Christ* died, but founded his Church, and drew a World after him. The *Jews* seem'd to
Try-

Tryumph, but what? The so much dreaded
Romans came, Besieged Jerusalem, torn with
Factions within, Crucified Forty Thousand
so punishing their hatred to Christ and his
Death. The Famous Jerusalem was Le-
vel'd to the ground. Jerusalem, no more the
Vision of Peace, but the Seat of Misery and Ter-
ror. Jerusalem, no more the Holy, but the
Prophane. No more the Populous, but the De-
solate. No more the Stately Jerusalem, but Je-
rusalem the Humbled. Jerusalem no more City of
God, but Jerusalem no more a City. Jerusalem,
Jerusalem, *quæ occidis Prophetas*, Luk. 13. v.
34. Jerusalem, which Killest Prophets, *How of-*
ten would I (said Christ) gather thy Children, as
the Bird doth her brood under her Wings, and thou
wouldst not, behold your Houses shall be left de-
sert to you. Christ's Prophecy was soon fullfill'd.
No more Jerusalem to be seen; the very me-
mory, that, and what it was, may be a Lesson
to the World, how all wicked Policy, Envy,
Hatred, and Effusion of Innocent blood will
end, seldom well in this World; as to the next
it's set at Defyance, and threatned by Christ
a little before his *Passion*, and much about the
time this Council was held, thus reproach-
ing the *Pharisees*, Mat. 43. 32. and challenging
their

their cruelty, *Implete mensuram Patrum Vestrorum*, fill up the Measure of your Fathers, *Genimina Viperarum*, Brood of Vipers. *Quomodo fugietis à judicio Gehennæ*. How will you fly the Judgment of Hell? Let them answer if they can, who this day sat in Council against the Anointed of the Lord, and now burn in everlasting Flames.

But. *Quid facimus?* What do we, O Christians? What do we? We have seen Hatred in fury against Christ, and Christ's Love doing Miracles for us; Man's Hatred resolving to be Christ's Death, and Christ's Love resolving to give Man Life, though with the loss of his own. And what do we? Do not we all partake of his Charity? Their hatred, did he not make it subservient to his Love, and contributing to our Salvation? The Council of Pharisees knew not how to proceed, and was posed. When his divine Love decided the Case, with an *Ex-pedit, ut unus moriatur homo, pro populo, &c.* 'Tis expedient, that one Man Die for the People, and the whole Nation perish not: Prophetavit, That is God spoke in the High Priest. And the whole Nation perish not: To Perish, is more than to die of a Corporal Death; to Perish is to Die for ever: That we then may not Perish, may not Eternally Die; but that *tota Gens*, all, and each

one may be Saved, Christ himself will Die; and the horriblest of Deaths.

Beloved Redeemer , tho' as my God , with my face upon the ground, I Adore thee; yet I firmly believe thou art also Man, sensible of Pain and Death, as well as others of that Nature. Yes, yes, Me thinks I hear him say, it's a Miracle of *Love* makes me so; it was only to suffer for the *Love* of Man, that I became Man: I shall Fear, I shall Tremble, I shall Agonize, but *Expedit*, it is expedient. At the sole apprehension of my Torments, I shall even Sweat Blood in the Garden of *Gethsemani*: But *Expedit*, it is expedient. At the flight of my Disciples, my heart will seem rent from me; *Peter's* denial, how deep will it go? But *Expedit*, it is expedient. The delicacy of my Complexion, will augment the torment of my Scourges; my Crown of *Thorne*, and being Nail'd upon the *Cross*; the Insults, the Scoffs, passing my Ears from my chosen People, The disgracious *Jews*, will pierce my Soul Bleeding with Grief: with *Clamour*, and with *Tears*, to my Eternal Father, I shall deliver my Spirit, *Heb. 6. c. 7.* My Humanity has a horror, and Groans at the very thought; but *Expedit*, it is expedient, and I'll through with all, it is no more than my *Love* commands:
And

And O! that this *Love* of mine from the Heart of Sinners could purchase a sincere Repentance No otherwise our Savionr's *Love* Addresses it self to each here.

And what say we, Dear Brethren? what say we? Or rather, *Quid facimus?* What do we? *Lent* is a time of *Pennance*; What do we? God forbid we should render't a time of *Sinning*: We are in *Passion Week* minding us of our Saviours Pains; And what do we? I hope we do not indulge unlawful Pleasures. *Holy Week* is at hand; and are we preparing; to receive the *Real Body* and *Blood* of Christ, Figur'd in the *Pascal Lamb*? We blame the *Pharisee's hatred* to Christ: And if we persevere in *Sin*, are not we guilty in contemning his *Love*? And can any *hatred* be worse? We condemn their Perversity in Persecuting known Truth; and is Truth cheerfully embrac'd by our selves, when told, either as to belief, or the bettering our Life? Is it not received with Scoff and Irony? It's very extirpation, is it not now and then aim'd at? If the *Pharisees* Persecuted Christ, they pretended not to Believe: VVe profess to believe, and do we yet Offend? yet VVound? Yet again Crucify him, To speak with St. *Paul* to the *Heb.* 16. 8. VVith our *Sins*? Our *Sins* scourg'd him at the *Pillar*;

our

our Sins *Crown'd* him with *Thornes* ; our Sins laid the *Cross* upon him, and *Nail'd* him upon the *Cross*. Have we any compassion in our *Hearts*, and who has not, is no Man ; let us bestow it upon Christ, it will return upon our selves. Give ear, to what in the Daughters of *Jerusalem* he speaks to your Souls, *Luk. 23. v. 31. Filiae Jerusalem, nolite flere super me, &c, Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not upon me, but weep upon your selves*. As if he said : If you Pity me, joyn your Pity to mine , and pity your selves. My Death is Cruel, yet not so Cruel as the Death of Sin will be to you, which is the Cause of mine : To revive you from the Death of Sin, I willingly Die, but you with your Repentance must concur : *Weep therefore upon your selves, and not upon me* : In Death it self, I shall rejoyce, so that you make it your Life. Thus he; whilst the Rocks splitting teach us to break our obstinate Wills, the Graves opening their Mouths, exhort us to an Humble Confession ; let your grief, sorrow, and tears supply my words; and since it is resolv'd by the *Jews*, that Christ shall die, let this Morning the resolve of *Christians* be, that all *Jealousies, Envy, Hatred*, all Sin, die at the foot of his *Cross*, to the end, with him we may Rise in Glory ; in which, God of his infinite Mercy, grant us all finally to meet. *In the Name of the Father, &c.*

F I N I S.

